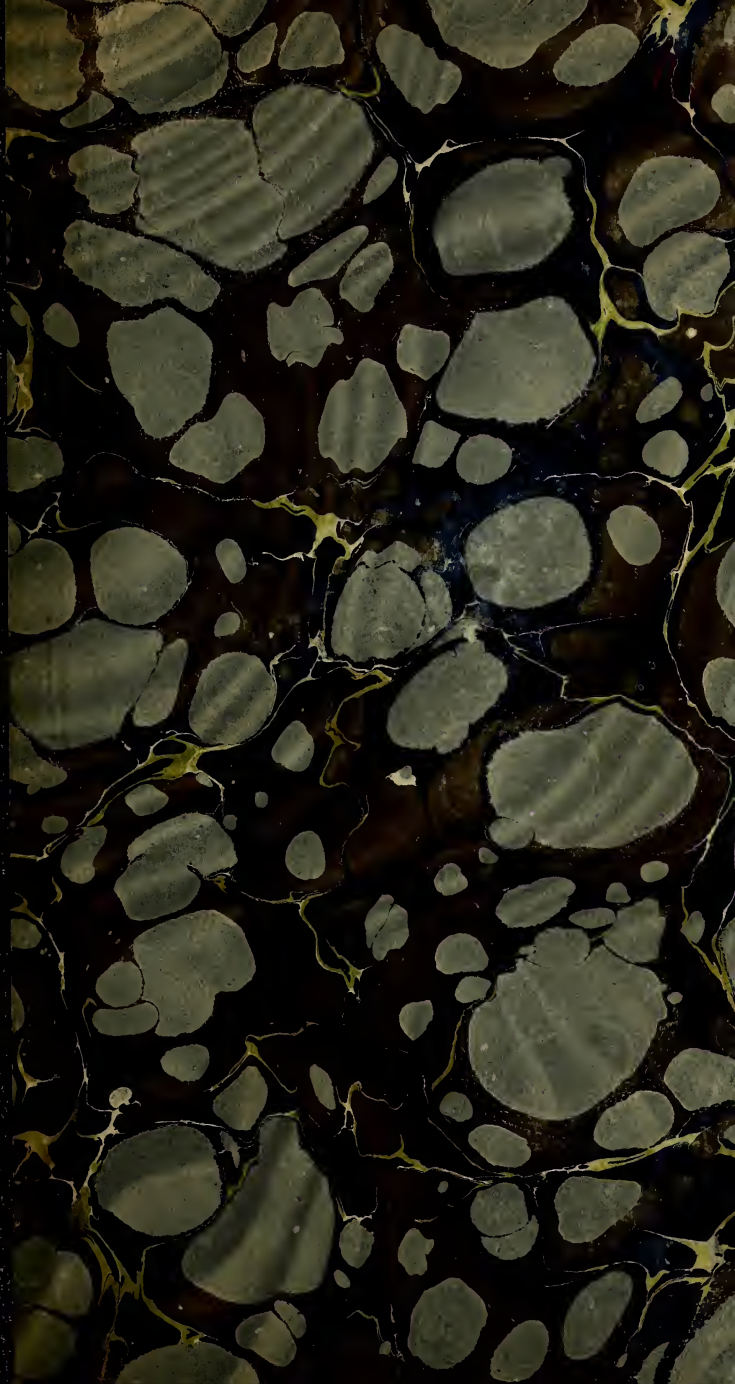


VYOL.F777



4) This is the first edition. Bladen's Theatrical Dict
1792 says: Opera. Anony. 8^o 1729. This piece
has a considerable share of merit. It was
acted at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with success.

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M O M U S

TURN'D

FABULIST;

OR,

VULCAN'S WEDDING.

AN

OPERA.

[Price Eighteen-Pence.]

Lately Publish'd, Curiously Printed in Two Pocket Volumes,

**** The MUSICAL MISCELLANY: being a COLLECTION of CHOICE SONGS, set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE, by the most Eminent MASTERS.**

The Man that hath no Musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds;
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.

Shakespeare.

Printed by and for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Sold by the Bookfellers both of Town and Country.

Nov. 12, 1729. This Day was publish'd

The THIRD and FOURTH VOLUMES of

**** The MUSICAL MISCELLANY; Being a Collection of CHOICE SONGS and LYRICK POEMS: With the BASSES to each Tune, and Transpos'd for the FLUTE. By the most Eminent Masters.**

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell that Charms our Cares to Rest,
And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind.

Printed by and for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and Sold by the Bookfellers both of Town and Country.

☞ The FIFTH and SIXTH Volumes, which are design'd to conclude this COLLECTION, will go to the Press very speedily; therefore all GENTLEMEN and LADIES who are willing to Contribute any NEW SONGS to this Collection, are desired to send 'em as soon as possible, directed for John Watts, and Care will be taken to have 'em set to Musick by the best MASTERS.

N. B. Those PIECES which are come to Hand since the finishing the THIRD and FOURTH Volumes, shall be inserted in the FIFTH and SIXTH.

M O M U S

TURN'D

FABULIST:

O R,

VULCAN'S WEDDING.

An O P E R A:

After the Manner of the

BEGGAR'S O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields. 1729.

October 28, 1729.

*This Day is Publish'd, with the Addition of Nine PIECES (mark'd thus * in this Advertisement) and Adorn'd with curious CUTTS, Design'd by Mr. John Vanderbank and Mr. Highmore, and Ingrav'd by Mr. Gerrard Vandergucht, the Second Edition of*

**** A SELECT COLLECTION of NOVELS and HISTORIES.** In Six Volumes. Written by the most Celebrated Authors in several Languages. Many of which never appear'd in English before. All New Translated and Compiled from the most Authentick Originals.

VOL. I. Containing,
An Extract of Monsieur Huet's Discourse concerning the Original of Romances.

ZAYDE.

The Marriage of Belphegor.

* The Adventures of Meleficthion.

The Jealous Estremaduran.

* The History and Fall of the Lady Jane Grey.

* The Adventures on the Black Mountains.

VOL. II. Containing,
The Princess of Cleves.

The Fair Maid of the Inn.

The Force of Friendship.

* Charon: or, the Ferry-Boat.

The History of the Captive.

VOL. III. Containing,
Don Carlos.

The History of Count Belflor and Leonora de Cespedes.

The Curious Impertinent.

* The History of Jane Shore.

The Prevalence of Blood.

The Liberal Lover.

The Beautiful Turk.

VOL. IV. Containing,

The Happy Slave.

The Rival Ladies.

* The Loves of King Henry II, and Fair Rosamond.

The Innocent Adultery.

The History of the Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republick of Venice.

VOL. V. Containing,

The Little Gypsy.

Ethelinda.

The Amour of Count Palviano and Eleonora.

* The Unhappy Favourite: Or, the Fall of Robert Earl of Essex. Scanderbeg the Great.

VOL. VI. Containing,
The Life of Castruccio Castracani of Lucca.

The Loves of Osmin and Daraxa.

The Spanish Lady of England.

The Lady Cornelia.

* The History of Massaniello.

The False Dutchess.

* Memoirs of the Imprisonment and Death of Mary Queen of Scots.

Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields; And Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country,

APR 23 1808 - 31

Dramatis Personæ.

JUPITER,	Mr. Milward,
NEPTUNE,	Mr. Morgan.
APOLLO,	Mr. Salway.
MARS,	Mr. Walker,
PLUTUS,	Mr. Hippisley,
VULCAN,	Mr. Hall.
MERCURY,	Mr. Ray.
MOMUS,	Mr. Hulett.
JUNO,	Mrs. Egleton.
VENUS,	Mrs. Cantrell,
ÆGLE, a young Nymph of HEBE's Train.	Miss Rogers,
A Minister of FATE.	

The SCENE is in the Avenues of the
Court of DESTINY.

INTRO-



INTRODUCTION.

PLAYER and GENTLEMAN.

Player. **T**HE Thought it self was entirely new, and the Success indeed very Extraordinary.

Gent. Sir, I was my self an Eye-witness of it, being in *France* when this Piece first appear'd on the Stage, and saw it represented several Nights with a considerable share of Pleasure, which put me upon rendering it into *English*. In this Performance I have taken the Liberty of turning the *Fables*, which were Spoke in *France*, into *Ballads* to be Sung, and have heighten'd several of the Scenes by the Addition of other *Ballads*, suitable to the present Taste of the Town. In short, I have made that an *English* Opera, which was but a *French* Farce.

Player. Your Alterations are, I think, very judicious, and must add a Spirit to the Performance.

Gent. Such as it is, I shall be proud if it be of Service to you. I can plead no Merit in this Affair, but wholly depend on the Good-nature of the Audience: If I fail to please, I hope I may escape Censure, since it is some kind of Merit even to Attempt it. And as I always found you ready to encourage the *Muses*, I have presented you with this Piece, and heartily wish it may prove to your Satisfaction.

Player.

INTRODUCTION.

Player. I perceive your Scene is in the Poetical Olympus, and your Persons are introduc'd under the Imaginary Characters of the Heathen Gods.

Gent. 'Tis true, Sir; but those Ancient Fictions and Characters are so accommodated, as to Expose and Ridicule the Vices and Follies of the present Age.

Player. Well, I wish your Satyr may not give Offence.

Gent. Impossible; since it exposes Vice in general, and is levell'd at no particular Persons. Besides, He that takes the Satyr makes it.

Player. And so this may properly be said to be *The Opera of the Gods.*

Gent. Right, Sir! — And I wish you may get as much by the Gods as you did by the Beggars. Tho' I have no Proportion of Merit.

Player. I thank you, Sir, for your good Intentions, and must confess I never receive a greater Pleasure than when I am exhibiting something New; my chief Study being how to divert the Town, to whose generous Encouragement I stand so highly indebted.

Gent. Your Obligations are indeed very great. And tho' I have no particular Interest in this Affair, nor do I put my Self on the List of Poets, yet I own I feel a great deal of Concern in appearing in this Manner before a Nation who are so great Masters of Wit and Humour.

Player. We must rely on their Indulgence. But let us retire, the Actors are impatient to know their Fate.

MOMUS



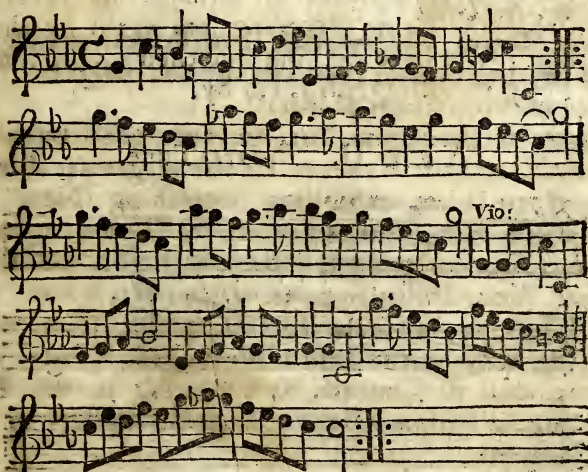
MOMUS *turn'd* Fabulist.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jupiter and Momus.

JUPITER, *walking about very thoughtful.*

AIR I. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.



OF all Plagues, and Pleasures, common
To Mankind, the Chief is Woman;
Gods, like Mortals, prone to Roving,
Feel the Pangs and Blifs of Loving.
I, Supreme of Deities,
To Juno wedded, Venus prize;
Venus' Charms provoke Desires,
Jealous Juno damps Love's Fires:
Th' Antidote of Nuptial Life
A Mistress is, its Bane a Wife.

Oh Juno!

B

Mom.

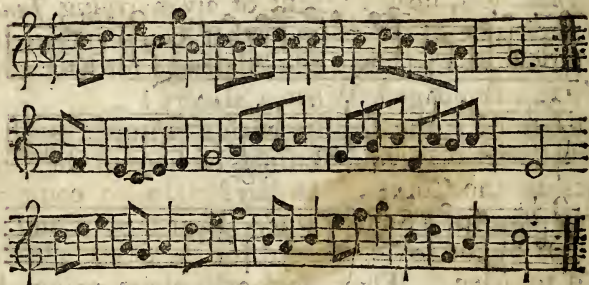
2 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Mom. [Over-hearing him.] What can be the meaning of that Exclamation, trow! Is *Jupiter* making amorous Addresses to his Wife at last? that wou'd be a Metamorphosis indeed!

Jupit. O *Venus*!

Mom. [Again over-hearing him.] Ay, there's the true Goddess of your Heart — For these six Months — (I think 'tis thereabouts, since this bewitching *Venus* sprang out of the Sea —) there has been a strange Disorder in all our Divine Noddles. The Inhabitants of *Olympus* are so drest out that there's no knowing 'em again by their Habits. We have nothing but their several kinds of Folly to distinguish them by.

AIR II. *Pierrot* Tune.



Gay Folly's Glafs
Reflects the Face
Of High-born, Rich and Low;
A Shew of State
Attracts the Great;
A Gaudy Dress, the Beau.

In the Filt, Coquette, and Prude,
Is strong Deceit,
Affected Hate,
And formal Coyneſs view'd:

Where

VULCAN'S *Wedding.*

3

*Where Virtue fails,
Vice prevails,
(Wisdom flown)
Folly's shown,
Ev'ry long-lost Shame's renew'd.*

Jupit. Oh, pray, you *Momus*, you that approve of nothing; say—— Can you help owning that *Venus* is the most charming Deity in the World? Do's not she eclipse all the Beauties of my Court, by the Brightness of her Eyes?

Mom. And by her way of rolling 'em.

Jupit. No; nothing can be compar'd to the Charms of *Venus*!

Mom. No; nothing can be compar'd to the Inconstancy of *Jupiter*!

Jupit. Oh, how I repent of my marrying *Juno*! In the name of Wonder, what cou'd induce me to submit to the Yolk of a Marriage for Eternity? What a Bondage! What a Slavery!

Mom. 'Tis the Gallies with a witness! — But, pray, what may your Business be here in the Avenues to the Court of *Destiny*? Do ye come to move him for a Separation? That small Comfort at least ought to be reserved for the Gods, and deny'd to Men: They, forsooth, alone enjoy the glorious Privileges of Widowhood.

Jupit. What troubles me, isn't the putting away my Wife——

Mom. No, really, that need not trouble you much; for, bating the Formality of it, poor *Juno* is pretty well put away already. I think you have had separate Beds for these four or five Thousand Years.

Jupit. She's apt to be Sick.

Mom. So wou'd any Wife, of such Usage.

4 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Jupit. Every one of the Gods that are single, fired with the Charms of *Venus*, desire her for a Wife.

Mom. And every one of the married Gods for a Mistress. Might not a Way be found out, think ye, to reconcile this Matter?

Jupit. I put it off, because I am sensible of the Consequences. The main Question is not, Who *Venus* shall have for a Husband? but Whether she is to be a Goddess of the Sea, or of Heaven? 'Till that's decided, the Fair One is kept by way of Sequestration, in the Court of *Destiny*: I have not yet ventur'd to consult him about this Affair; but if it is absolutely decreed that the Goddess must marry, I determine to give her to *Juno's* Son, *Vulcan*.

Mom. O, the wise Determination! and so like the Author!

Jupit. Tho' I had rather she shou'd continue a Maid.

Mom. Continue a Maid, and be *Jupiter's* Mistress ——— [Laughing]

Jup. [Angry.] Do you know, Sir, that I am quite tired with your impertinent Reflections?

Mom. And yet you are not tired with giving Occasion for them.

Jupit. All the Gods in general complain of your Tongue.

Mom. And I am delighted with theirs. It furnishes mine with Matter of Merriment.

Jupit. You make it the Business of your Malice to ridicule even Me, and have done so for an infinite number of Ages.

Mom. And yet I have not done half my Work.

Jupit. Monstrous Insolence! Take notice, I charge you not to speak any more, either of Me, or

VULCAN'S *Wedding.* 14 2

or any other of the Gods, neither Good nor Evil.

Mom. As for Good, I shall obey you most punctually.

Jupit. There's no bearing this — But hold — What has the Minister of *Destiny* to say to me?

SCENE II.

Enter a Minister of Destiny.

Minist. O *Jupiter!* *Destiny*, my Master and yours, commands you to attend him immediately, because this Day he means to determine the Residence and Husband of *Venus*.

Jupit. My humble Service to *Destiny*, and I'll wait on him. *[Exit Minister.]*

SCENE III.

Jupiter and Momus.

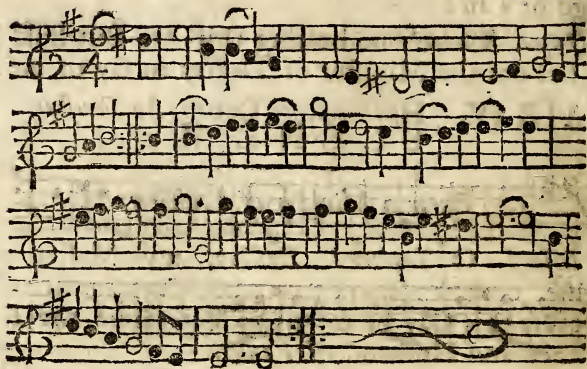
Mom. So — Madam *Venus's* Coquetry is now at its last Gasp. Ever since she has been in Heav'n, in Expectation of a better Thing, she has so amus'd all the Gods, one with a languishing Look, and another with a Smile, that every one of 'em thinks himself the Favourite. Now this mortifies me; I wou'd fain distinguish the Unhappy among this Crowd of Lovers, that I might charitably condole with the poor Wretches; Perhaps you, Master *Jupiter*, may stand in need of that kind Office, when you come from having Audience of *Destiny*.

Jupit. What, again!

Mom. An arduous Affair, this! to fix a Coquette! 'tis the *Magnum Opus* itself!

1 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,

AIR III. Some say Women are like
the Winds.



To stop an Arrow's swift Career,
Imprison Winds, or Monsters fight,
Out-run the nimble-footed Deer,
Or soar above an Eagle's Flight;
These Tasks seem easy, when compar'd
To those by young Coquettes prepar'd.
To Love; Hate;
Advance; Retreat;
Be free, and yet ensnar'd.
Be free, &c.

Jupit. [*Musing.*] Venus seems to give a Guess at
my Design.

Mom. Won't you have a little Tiff with a
Comb, before you go to *Destiny's*? You'll cer-
tainly find *Venus* there: When a fine Woman
has a Cause to try, she seldom fails to appear in
Court: She sometimes has more Influence than
her Council.

Jupit. [*Aside, tho' aloud.*] I'm afraid *Destiny*
will run counter to my Views—

Mom.

VULCAN'S *Wedding.* 7

Mom. Get *Juno* to solicit for ye.

Jupit. *Momus*, this is intolerable !

Mom. I did but name his Wife, and see what a Rage he's in !

Jupit. 'Tis too much ; you abuse my Patience.—

AIR IV. Hay-makers Dance, in *Faustus*.



Since my bearing
Tempts your Daring
To assume a Right to prate,
Shou'd your Tongue,
Speak right or wrong,
Concerning Actions of the Great ;

If't be Reason,
(Out of Season)
You shall my Resentment bear ;
If't be Malice,
Slaves in Gallies
Shan't be punish'd more severe.

But depend upon it, if I hear that between This and To-morrow you drop one single Satyrical Word, not only against Me, but even against the meanest God in Heav'n, assure your self, I'll immediately banish you the Skies for ever ; I swear by *Styx*, I will. Adieu ; remember I once drove out

8 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist* ; or,

Apollo from Olympus, and that he was forced to keep Sheep for a living. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Momus alone.

'Sblews! I think he swore by *Styx*! this is no jesting matter, 'faith! when a God has once sworn by *Styx* he can't break his Oath, tho' it were made to a Mistress. A fine dilemma I'm under: to be banish'd for ever from Heaven, or to live four and twenty Hours without one bit of Scandal. Intolerable! But *Jupiter* only forbids me talking Satyrically — he allows me to think. Let us think then — but how the dickens shall one bring out ones Thoughts without speaking? — Umph. I have it. A new contrivance — lucky and convenient — I'll invent Fables — I'll mention none of the Gods by Name; but will borrow for them the Names of Men, or Beasts, 'tis all the same thing — 'Tis resolv'd: I'll e'en turn Fabulist, since I'm forc'd to't. I have but this one way to ease my Spleen, and evade the cruel Law that's impos'd on me. I'm admirably well posted here for the Business I've undertaken: All the Gods and Goddesses, drawn either by Love or Curiosity, will not fail to be at the Court of *Destiny* to-day, and this is the principal Avenue to it. O what a sight of Fables shall I pour forth! I shall need no Preface to swell my Book.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. [*Aside.*] From being *Jupiter's* Pimp, I'm become his Rival: I'm not the first that has reconcil'd these two Employments.

Mom. [*Aside.*] Here's *Mercury*, and I am under a prohibition of Scandal! This is what you call a Trial, I think!

Merc. Morrow, *Momus*.

Mom. Morrow, *Mercury*. What News?

Merc. I never knew *Jupiter* so deep in Love.

Mom. Nor so — ouf — I had well-nigh blurted out a Truth stark naked; whereas I'm oblig'd to cloathe All that comes into my Head all this Day. What a deal of Drapery it will cost me!

SCENE VI.

Enter Neptune.

Nept. [*Aside.*] I'm resolv'd to get betimes to the Court of *Destiny*, and to ——— [*aloud.*] Ha! ha! what can the sincere *Momus* be doing here with my Nephew *Mercury*, who is an arrant Cheat?

Merc. My Uncle *Neptune* don't flatter his Nephews: I'll say that for him, and a fig for him.

Mom. Hail to the God of the Sea!

Nept. Good Morrow, *Momus*. But you, Nephew *Mercury*, pray tell me, does my Brother *Jupiter* intend always to live at this rate with his Wife, and to gallant *Venus*, who in all likelyhood is to be mine, ha?

Mom.

10 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist*; or,

Mom. Shall I tell you the truth? Your Brother is an arrant — [stopping himself] You love her hugely then, this same *Venus*, do you?

Nept. Not without good Reason: she has some particular Regards for me.

Mom. What may those Regards be, pray now?

Nept. Oh! we Sea-folk know how to be discrete. It wou'd be a pretty thing indeed if the God of Fish cou'd not tell when to be mute.

Merc. It is an easy thing for one to be discrete that has nothing to tell.

Nept. You're upon the pump, are you? You're a Knave, Nephew mine, you're a Knave; *Momus* will say the same.

Mom. Excuse me, excuse me, I have made a small lying Match; till To-morrow you shall hear me praise all the World.

Nept. I'faith *Momus* grows an honest Fellow, and I love him for't; I find he'll approve the Pretensions I have to the Heart and Hand of *Venus*. And indeed who can dispute my Right to 'em? She's a Goddess born in my Dominions, and I am her legal Guardian.



VULCAN'S *Wedding*.

11

AIR V. Oh pity an Innocent Maiden.



*A Guardian whose Ward is a Beauty,
Does Person and Fortune possess,
Imposes Obedience as Duty,
And woo's her, assur'd of Success.
Tho' Venus is free from my Power,
Yet having been under my Care,
I'll be an assiduous Wooer,
And never of Conquest despair.*

Mom. You are *Venus's* Guardian, and wou'd marry her?

Nept. Ay certainly.

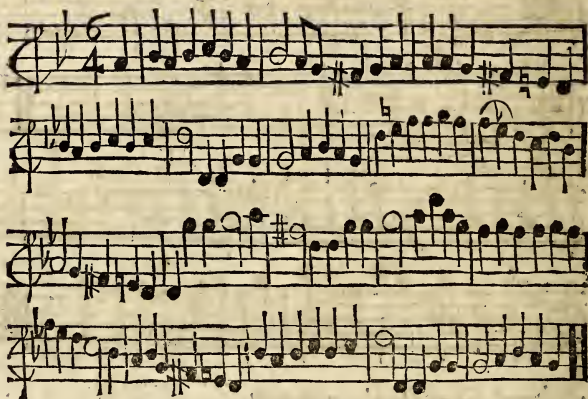
Mom.

12 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist ; or,*

Mom. You shall have my handsel as a Fabulist ;
pray give Ear to a small Fable, 'Squire Neptune.
'Tis call'd *The SALMON GUARDIAN.*

The SALMON GUARDIAN.

A I R VI. Maidens as fresh as a Rose.



*An Eel of a beautiful hue
Was under a Salmon's Tuition ;
Who claim'd the fair Fish as his due,
Nor dream'd of an Opposition.
The Eel, by a Sturgeon below'd,
Disdain'd her fond Guardian's Passion,
And to her young Lover rov'd,
And gratified Inclination.
The Salmon inrag'd, did apply,
To a Sea-Wolf, a Judge among Fishes,
Who heard him, and made this Reply,
No Law can controul Maidens Wishes.*

Merc. [to Neptune] Pray, Uncle, how d'ye like
this Fable?

Nept. 'Tis a very impertinent one.

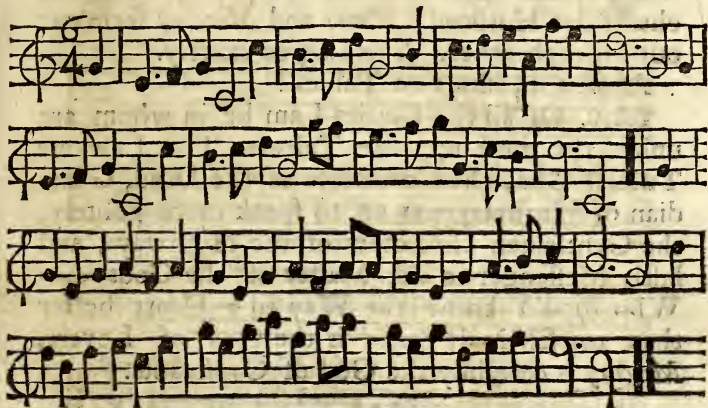
Merc.

VULCAN's *Wedding.*

13

Merc. And why do ye take the *Salmon's* part?
'Twas a foolish Beast of a Fish to think the Name
of Guardian has any Sympathy with that of
Lover.

AIR VII. Hark, Hark, the Cock crows.



*A Guardian commands,
A Lover, intreats ;
Think which the kind Fair will most favour :
One holds her in Bonds,
T'other lies at her Feet,
And to free her, wou'd do his Endeavour.*

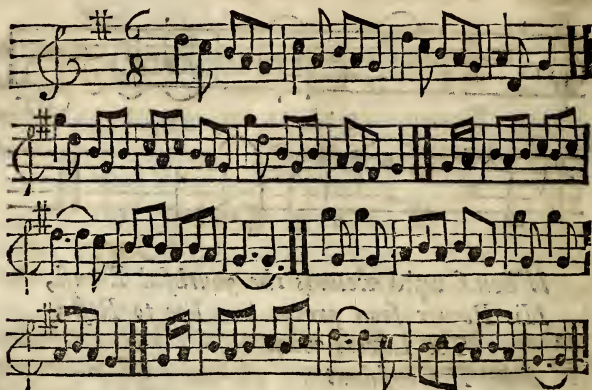
*The Maid's at no Loss
How to fix a right Choice,
Between Anguish, and amorous Bliss ;
The Guardian is banish'd,
The Lover's Fears vanish'd,
Success crowns the end of his Wishes.*

Mom. Be inform'd, Mr. *Salmon*, that the Titles
to Love must be found in the Heart of the Object
belov'd: there it is that *Cupid* keeps his Records.

Nept.

16 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,
The BRAGGING FOX.

AIR IX. *Blowzabella, my Bouncing Doxy.*



Reynard, aiming at the subduing
A famous She-Fox, lov'd by most,
Out of the common way of Wooing,
Thus his Talents began to boast.
Take me, Reynardine, I'm a Lover
That can Lye, Forswear and Cheat;
I'll vow Constancy, yet be a Rover;
Sure such Goodness will make me Great.
No Vices or Follies can reign,
But I practise them all with Success;
All Actions of Virtue disdain:
Now your Sentiments freely express.
Hence begone, thou Foe to Virtue,
In a Heat, cries Reynardine;
Goodness ever will desert you,
Who to vicious Acts incline.
Could you think to engage my fond Heart,
By shewing Destruction in View?
When next your false Love you'd impart;
Be sure by an Advocate wooe.

Nept.

Nept. I think the *Fox* is much better relisht than the *Salmon*. What say you, Nephew?

Merc. I say — I say I have not time to be in a Passion. I'll e'en go to *Venus*.

Nept. As God of the Confidants, ha!

[*Mercury goes out, and Neptune follows him.*]

Mom. Where are you running, Master *Neptune*?

Nept. To my Pupil, to my Pupil. I'm afraid this *Fox* shou'd snap the Puller. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Momus alone.

Mom. So far, so good; a rare Invention to evade *Jupiter's* Prohibition! They'll say perhaps my Fables are nothing but Satyrs — But is not Satyr instructive and diverting at the same time? 'egad, let who will make your musty Moral Fables for me; I hope, I shall never be so dull — But here come a Brace of rare Chaps, *Plutus* and *Vulcan*. A couple of pretty Beasts for a Fable!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Plutus and Vulcan.

Vulc. [to *Plutus*.] I'faith, Brother *Plutus*, you are as blind o' your Understanding, as you are o' your Eyes.

Plut. In troth, Master *Vulcan*, your Wit hobbles as much as your Feet.

Mom. [*Aside.*] Heyday! *Plutus* and *Vulcan* pretend to be witty! Since *Jupiter* has forbidden me to use my Talent of Rallery, I suppose the rest of the Gods practise it by way of Proxy.

18 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,*

Vulc. [to *Plutus*.] *Destiny* is too wise to give *Venus* to you; if she wanted Cloaths indeed, he might employ you to furnish her.

Plut. *Destiny* is too wise to marry *Venus* without her Consent; and I believe you know the Power that *Plutus* has over the Fair Sex: if you don't, *Momus* will inform you; he's a Plain-dealer.

Mom. I'm under a Command, at present not to be so: so your Godships are perfectly safe.

Plut. Why, *Momus*, this poor beggarly Master of the *Cyclops* pretends to dispute *Venus*' Hand with me; with Me, who am more Lord of the Universe than *Jupiter* himself, since he is worship'd for nothing but to obtain my Favours thro' his means; with Me, who am more the Master of all Hearts than *Love* himself, since he wou'd fail of every Conquest he attempts, but for the Golden Shafts which he is furnish'd with out of my Strong-Box. Have you not observ'd how I am courted by all the Ladies —

Vulc. That understand Arithmetick.

Plut. This poor limping Godlin presumes to put himself upon a Foot with me, who without dispute am the best of any of the Gods in Equipage; who have so many Slaves both Black and White; so many Tawnies in the Kingdom of *Peru*.

AIR

AIR X. Woman's Work is never done.



To enjoy the Bliss of Treasure
Mortals spend their Lives in Toils;
Men in Power feel its Pleasure,
Chastest Maidens it beguiles.
Riches make the Ugly pretty,
And the wrinkled Hag look young;
Justice Blinds; makes Fools seem witty;
Riches conquer, right or wrong.

With Me, whose Pocket-Book is worth a hundred of *Apollo's*.

Vulc. Ay now you have said something indeed,
Plutus.

Mom. Now you talk of *Apollo's* Pocket-Book, d' ye know that I am turn'd Poet?

Plut. *Momus* turn'd Poet! 'ware Lampoons.

Mom. Will you see a sample of my Poetical Vein, Master *Plutus*?

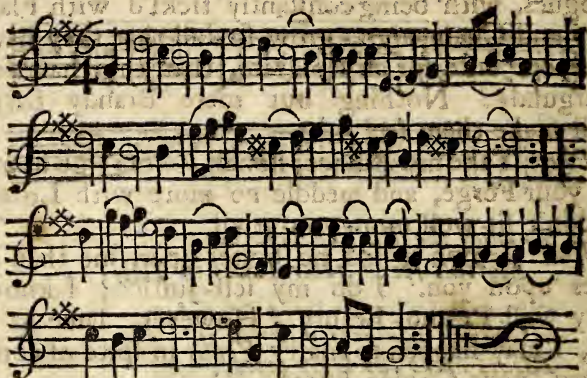
Plut. Out with it, out with it; I have a taste in every thing, I; for I buy of every thing. He wants nothing that don't want Money; he has Jewels, Furniture, good Cheer, Wit——

Vulc. One may see plain enough, that you pay dear for your Wit, you're so sparing of it.

Mom. Peace, *Vulcan*; you steal from me. Harken.
Mind the Sample I told ye of; 'tis the OLD
BABOON *stript*.

The OLD BABOON *stript*.

AIR XI. She wou'd not die a Maid



*An Old Baboon of rueful Mien,
Having long time a Courtier been,
And many Revolutions seen,*

*Amass'd up Wealth great Store,
That Magnet draws him many Friends,
Whom (Courtier like) he condescends
To promise, what he ne'er intends,
Or never thinks on more.*

II.

*They in return his Levee grace,
And praise his Wit, his Shape, and Face;
Each hopes to gain some pretty Place;*

*But mark how Fate devis'd:
An Order came from Court one day,
To take his Ill-got Wealth away,
Then (like the Feather-borrow'd Jay,
Divested) he's despis'd.*

Vulc. [Looking at Plutus] Ha, ha, ha! shall I
fetch Signor Plutus a Looking-glass? does he
know his own Face when he sees it? *Plut.*

VULCAN'S Wedding. 21

Plut. Pooh! why 'tis not me this Fable alludes to. I can't see my own Face there indeed.

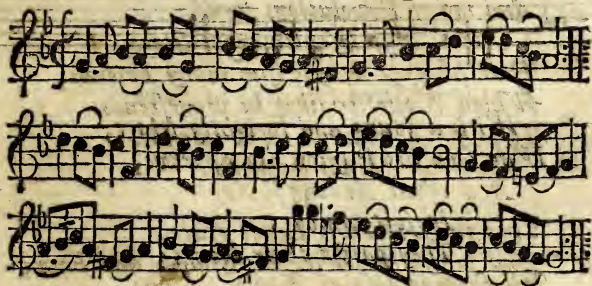
Vulc. That's none of *Momus's* fault.

Mom. [*Aside.*] Stupid Dolt! These great rich Rogues, with being constantly tickl'd with Flattery and Champaign, grow so dull that they have no more taste for an Epigram, than they have for Burgundy: Nothing but mere Brandy-Satyr will make them feel ———

Plut. Take my Advice, honest *Vulcan*; go home to your Forge, and meddle no more with Love; it don't fit well upon you at all.

Vulc. I own it fits no better upon me than it does upon you. I do my self Justice; I know very well I'm no Beauty. However, lame as I am, I may happen to marry *Venus* in spite of your Beard, your Golden Beard.

AIR XII. When the Kine had given a Pail-full.



Tho' I boast no blooming Graces,

In my Person, or my Mind;

Love views by prismatic Glasses,

And may various Beauties find;

Women's Fancies,

Like Romances,

Many Revolutions show,

The Fools (despis'd)

Are often priz'd,

The Wise are answer'd, No, no, no, &c.

Plut. You are very sanguine.

Vulc. I have no Strong-Box; but I have *Jupiter's*

22 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,

ter's Favour: he has promis'd to make me *Venus's* Husband.

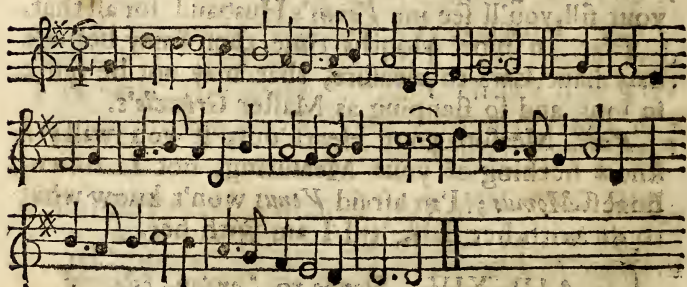
Mom. [*Aside.*] Because he has a mind to be her Gallant. — [to them.] Since *Jupiter* is your Friend, I'll present you with a new Fable of mine.

Vulc. But pray let it be intelligible.

Mom. Oh it shall be as plain as the Nose on your Face. 'Tis the *Ass married for a Cover.*

The ASS married for a Cover.

A I R XIII. Under the Greenwood Tree.



*A gallant Steed fell deep in Love
With a young and sprightly Mare,
Who soon his Passion did approve,
And equal Ardour share.*

*In soft Amours
They pass'd their Hours;
Till fearing loss of Fame,
It was agreed,
She shou'd be wed,
T' avoid impending Shame.*

II.

*The Steed perswades the silly Ass
To make this Mare his Bride;
He fond to wed a Beauty was,
And soon the Knot was ty'd;
The Lovers too
Their Joys renew,
Which take a firmer Root;*

*With blissful Toil,
They plant Love's Soil;
The Husband reaps the Fruit.*

Vulc. [laughing.] Well, what's all this to the purpose?

Plut. How clearly does *Vulcan* prove the Justness of this Fable, when he is so stupid, as not to know who the *Ass* means ———

Vulc. No more an *Ass* than your self, Mr. *Plutus*; there are more *Asses* among your *Usurers* than among my *Blacksmiths*. But you may jest your fill, you'll see me *Venus's* Husband for all that.

Plut. In nine Months time then (may be) we may have Ears to measure, that may not be quite so long and so flapping as Master *Grizzle's*.

Vulc. Measure your Heart out, if you will; I know nothing of your Measuring, not I. Adieu, honest *Momus*; I'm afraid *Venus* won't know what to do with her Self, 'till I am with her.

AIR XIV. Slaves to *London*, &c.



Vulc. Shou'd my Hopes succeed with *Venus*,
Happy Hours will pass between us:

Plut. Rather say, Unhappy Years,
Of unquiet jealous Fears.

I have far superior Merit.

Vulc. Yet I'll *Venus's* Charms inherit.

Plut. To supplant me in my Love,
Fatal to your Peace will prove.

[Exeunt.
Mom.

Mom. [*Laughing.*] That Fear is admirably well grounded, truly! I must needs follow *Vulcan*; his manner of quieting the tender Concern he thinks he has rais'd in *Venus's* Heart may chance to furnish me with a very singular Fable. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Juno.

Juno. It is certainly the greatest Plague that can befall a virtuous Goddess, as I am, to have a Libertine for a Husband. Since the Birth of that Coquet, *Venus*, I have not had one Hour's Peace. All the Gods have lost the little Wit they had, for Love of her; and my Rake, *Jupiter*, is at the Head of the Fashion; but I will so rattle him for't—Tho' he carries that in his Hand, that shakes *Olympus*, I have that in my Head, which will make him tremble. Oh Love! O Jealousy!

AIR XV. See yonder where she lies.



Love, O Love! I feel thy Dart,
Piercing thro' my tender Heart,
The Wound it gives admits no Cure;
What Pangs do Minds in Love endure!

*Envy and Rage at once possess my Bosom,
 Grief too invades, and Jealousy's in blossom.
 With dire Despair I languish,
 Since fickle Jove
 Does faithless prove,
 And dares to other Beauties rove,
 Revenge must ease my Anguish.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Jupiter.

Jupit. *Juno here!*

Juno. What, you expected *Venus*! I suppose.

Jupit. If I did, I'm disappointed it seems.

Juno. You've disappointed me often enough, I'm sure.

Jupit. When I see you, I look for a Storm, and am sure to find it.

Juno. My Tongue is the only Part about me that I must make any Use of, and you wou'd deprive me of that too.

Jup. I confess it — but 'tis beyond my Power. My Thunder is not so loud.

Juno. Mighty well — and thus it is that you reward my conjugal Virtue! I wonder at my own Patience — I shou'd do you but Justice, if I shou'd pay you in your own Coin.

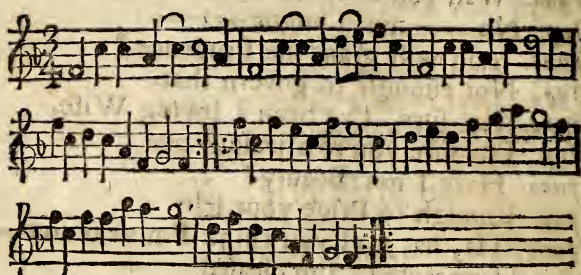
Jup. Why don't you?

Juno. Because I've too much Virtue.

Jup. No; because you take too much Pleasure in boasting of it — You've more Pride and ill Nature, than Love and Inclination. — No more! Your Fears are vain; be assur'd you have no Cause for Jealousy.

26 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

AIR XVI. The Bishop of Chester's Jig.



Juno. To sooth a jealous Heart,
By any false Excuse,
Does but augment the Smart,
And magnify th' Abuse:
Whilst you'd my Wrongs beguile,
To make my Rage recoil,
Like Water on burning Oyl,
Jealousy glows the fiercer.

O thou Monster of Ingratitude! base, barbarous, Jupiter ——— this Tameness of mine makes me blush at my self ——— to think that I shou'd want Spirit to resent such horrid Injuries. Were not your Beastly Amours for these 2000 Years past, and your present provoking Intrigue with Venus, enough—but you must trample upon my easy Nature, by depreciating my Virtue?

Jup. O! the conjugal Comforts of a virtuous Wife!

Juno. Yes, and such I will continue, spite of your Provocations; as an Example to the inferior Gods and Goddesses.

Jup. And if they don't take Example ——— may they be married ——— If there be a Curse beyond that, I confess it is what I know nothing of.

Juno. What is the Reason that you use me thus?

Jup. I don't use you at all.

Juno. The more shame for you. Have not you been married to me long enough? ———

Jup. Too long by all the time.

Juno. To be acquainted with my Perfections?

Jup. I cou'd never find 'em out.

Juno. Will you deny me Sense?

Jup. No — nor Tongue —

Juno. You will grant me Prudence?

Jup. Not enough to govern that.

Juno. I'm sure, I've been a loving Wife.

Jup. I'm sure you're a jealous one.

Juno. Have I not Beauty?

Jup. Enough to Pride your self.

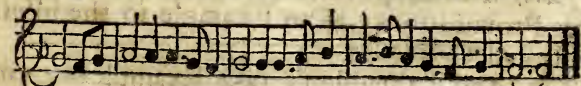
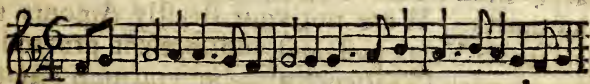
Juno. Ha, ha, ha! you think I'm vext now —
you're disappointed: I'm pleased.

Jup. That's strange indeed!

Juno. To think that you can't get rid of me —
Tho' I have no Talents to please you, I have those,
which, as I shall manage 'em, will plague you
sufficiently.

Jup. O how I envy the State of Mortals! A
Man that is tied to a Shrew may quit himself of
his Burden at the Expence of a Trifle; but a mar-
ried God has no Remedy, tho' he wou'd purchase
it at the Expence of his Immortality. [*Aside.*]

AIR XVII. *Joan's Placket.*



Jup. *I'll the Deity resume.*

[*To Juno.*]

Juno. *And I the Wife of Jove.*

Jup. *To cross my Will do not presume.*

Juno. *I'll spoil what you approve.*

Jup. *Jealous Creature!*

Juno. *Wanton Satyr,
Fond of vicious Love.*

Jup. *I'll the Deity resume.*

Juno. *And I the Wife of Jove.*

The End of the First Act.

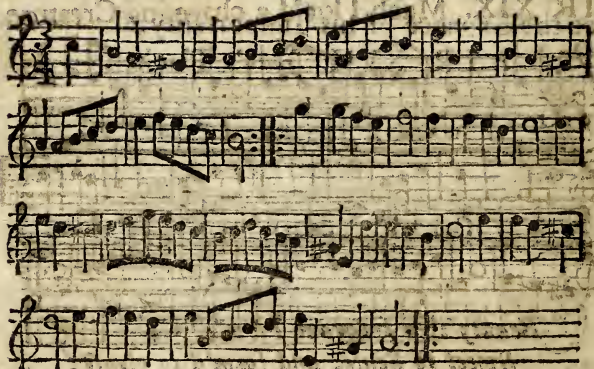


A C T II. S C E N E I.

Momus crosses the Stage. Enter Mars calling after him.

MOMUS, Momus — I'd lay a Wager he's run to enquire after the News that I came to tell him, which puts me into a bodily Fear, as much Mars as I am. *Destiny* has just this Moment pronounc'd his Decree: He leaves *Venus* her own Choice, both of her Husband, and Place of Residence: In one Hour's time, and in this very Place, the Goddess must fix upon one among her Admirers. I'm horridly afraid she shou'd honour me with the Preference. *Venus* is very lovely, but then she loves me.

AIR XVIII. *Let Burgundy flow.*



The Passion of Love,
After its Invasion,
To no Persuasion
Will listen, nor move,
'Till Fruition we prove.
But, having enjoy'd,
The Fancy's soon cloy'd,

In.

*Indifference succeeding;
Yet whilst we're receding,
The fair One possessest,
Fierce Love does invest*

With strongest Desires, when we have the least.

But here comes one of my most formidable Rivals, the spruce *Apollo*. He is powder'd down to the very Rump; the tip of the Mode.

SCENE II.

Enter Apollo.

Apollo. [Without seeing Mars.] Let's muse a little beneath this verdant Shade, upon the Charms of *Venus*, and my Tenderness. Heav'ns! how happy shou'd I be, cou'd I but possess that lovely Goddess! What bright, what piercing Eyes! What a delicate Shape! What irresistible Sweetness! Alas! If they ever come to be mine, what Verses shall I make in praise of them!

AIR XIX. Much I lov'd a charming Creature.



*Beauty is a fragrant Flow'r,
Sweet to Sense, and form'd to please;
All (who feel it) own its Pow'r,
Refreshing as the Summer's Breeze:
Pleasing as Hope,
Fierce as Desires;
Dangers elope,
When Beauty fires.*

Mars.

30 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Mars. Let's hear his Thoughts of the Oracle of *Destiny*. I'll accost him [*Aside.*] — Ha, Signor *Apollo*, how elegantly you are dress'd! how nicely curl'd! You must have used a great deal of Paper about it; but you are in the right not to spare it, you have so much that's good for nothing else.

Apol. *Mars* can't help insulting.

Mars. Nor *Apollo* whining.

Apol. You rally me; but yet you know very well the Sex are fond of the Wits.

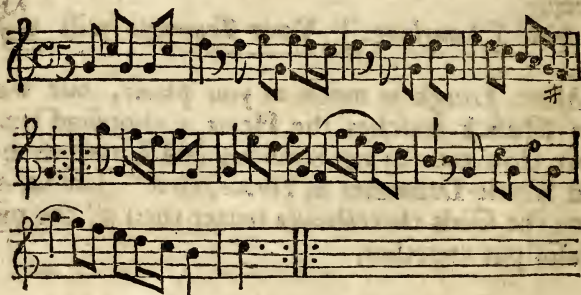
Mars. Yes, in their Assemblies; but in their Chambers they like the Soldier.

Apol. Does a Soldier know how to amuse a Lady?

Mars. Hah! no, faith; we never amuse them.

Apol. 'Tis the Wit that fashions the Lady's Heart, teaches her the Power of her Charms, celebrates them in his Works.

AIR XX. In *Kent*, so fam'd of old.



*In poignant Wit is seen
A certain Cure for Spleen:
Tho' Satyr's Edge be keen,
And Censures threaten,*

Severe

*Severe and certain Truth,
Of Faults, in Age or Youth,
The Power of Wit can sooth,
And Anger sweeten.*

II.

*Wit has (like Beauty) Charms,
A Heart at Peace alarms,
A frozen Female warms,
A Bard inspires.*

*Concomitant does prove,
Of Wine, Discourse, and Love,
Does anxious Hours remove,
And Fancy fires.*

Mars. Fye! fye! a Soldier's Mistress is a thousand times more famous than a Wit's.

Apol. 'Tis true, they publish their Amours as much as they do their own Exploits. The *Gazette* is their Confidant in every thing.

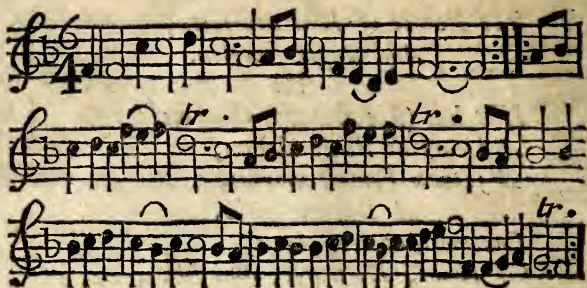
Mars. I find, by your Discourse, you are in hopes of fulfilling *Destiny's* Oracle to-day. But if you marry *Venus*, I fear your *Harp* will lay her asleep.

Apol. [*Laughing.*] Your *Trumpets* will wake her.

Mars. Laugh as much as you please, our warlike Musick touches the Heart a thousand times more than your dying Sounds; and I have an honest Kettle-Drummer in *Thrace*, that I dare say diverts the Girls thereabouts better than all the nine Muses put together.

AIR

AIR XXI. The Widows shall all have Spouses.



*A Soldier wins a Beauty,
 As he gains a Frontier Town,
 By being on constant Duty,
 Besieging for Love or Renown.
 Love's Garrisons, weak and tender,
 Have Virtue a while their Defender;
 But the Hero comes
 With Beat of Drums,
 And into the Cittadel throws his Bombs,
 He storms, and they surrender.*

Apol. So, *Mars*, I perceive you are confident of marrying *Venus*.

Mars. No, Faith, not I. I have felt my own Pulse; I'm utterly unfit for Marriage. I love the Sex too well.

Apol. Very good!

Mars. And *Venus* loves Gallantry too well. I'm not of a peaceable Temper enough to see my dear Spouse cajol'd, or to read over her Lovers Sonnets with her: I shou'd be apt to fling some God or other out of the Window.

Apol. Do you then absolutely renounce your Pretensions to *Venus's* Hand?

Mars. I find she is much fitter for you than for me. You have more Quietness and Prudence in you,

you, than I have : You'll revenge any conjugal Affront that may be offer'd you, with nothing but a Stroke of an Epigram, or so. Look ye, if you make your Court to me, as you ought, I don't know but I may get *Venus* to chuse you. I have some little Credit with her. But here comes *Momus*; tell your Grievs to him; he's an excellent Comforter.

SCENE III.

Enter Momus.

Mom. [*Not seeing them.*] I have lost my Labour. I met with no-body but *Silenus*, and he drunk. I repeated a Fable to him; he heard it with a great deal of Patience, and fell asleep at the Moral — But here's *Apollo* and *Mars* very luckily got together. I must not miss these Sparks; that wou'd be a Loss not to be repair'd.

Mars. Oh, are you there, *Momus*? Pray wish the God of *Parnassus* Joy; he's going to marry; he has already bottled off fifteen Dozen of the Water of *Hippocrene* for the Wedding.

Apol. *Mars* has great need to rally me indeed! a poor God that has nothing but his Sword to trust to.

Mom. You talk like Rivals, Gentlemen.

Mars. I know my self too well to pretend to rival *Apollo* with the Ladies; I cou'd never hold out against his Verses. I shou'd desert.

Apol. We shou'd be vastly oblig'd to you. Dullness wou'd desert with you.

Mars. [*Laughing.*] The Milk-sop, *Phœbus*, will have it I'm dull! and yet I never went to his School.

Apol. You wou'd not do amiss to come to it; we shou'd cure you of abundance of Faults. We

D

wou'd

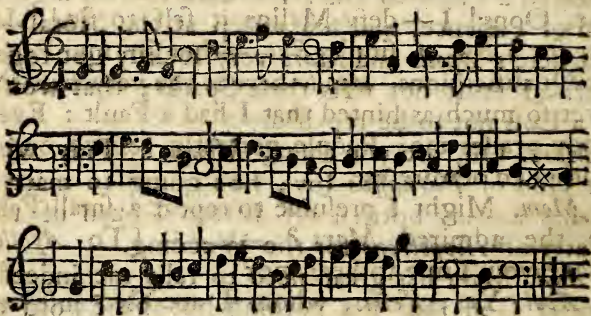
34 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

wou'd teach you to be Polite, and to behave like one that's well-bred.

Mom. Your quickest way to teach him Politeness and a fashionable Behaviour, wou'd be to carry him along with you to some great Lady's on a Visiting-Day, or to some Lord's Levee. There you'll see the very Quintessence of Politeness. I'll tell you a Fable upon that very Subject; 'tis call'd *The well-bred Beasts, or the Visiting-Day.*

The Well-bred BEASTS; or, the VISITING-DAY.

AIR XXII. Mother, quoth *Hodge*, shall I have
a Wife.



*The Birds and the Beasts were convened to meet,
To study new Ways to improve their Delight,
And Humane Nature to imitate,
In ev'ry Transaction, gay or polite:*

*Debates held long
Among the Throng,
To many Inventions, Objections they raise;
'Till by General Vote,
They resolv'd to promote
The Publick Assemblies, and Visiting Days.*

This

II.

*This Fashion prevails, and is follow'd by all,
 Each strives to out-vie in Grandeur and Dress;
 At every Tea-Table, Opera, Ball,
 They practise Politeness, with Hopes of Success;
 To every Face
 They lavish Praise,
 And flatter (if present) what most they hate;
 But (if absent) wou'd taint
 The fair Fame of a Saint;
 Thus follow Mankind in the Art of Deceit.*

Mars. This may be, for ought I know, the Practice of People of little or no Merit towards such as are as worthless as themselves. But as for me, Oons! I—defy Malice it self to find Matter for a *But*, a single *But*, either in my Person or Qualifications. *Apollo* here is the very first that ever so much as hinted that I had a Fault: Every body praises me; People perfectly relieve one another to admire me.

Mom. Might I presume to repeat a small Fable to the admired *Mars*? ——— [To *Apollo*.] Have you Time to hear me?

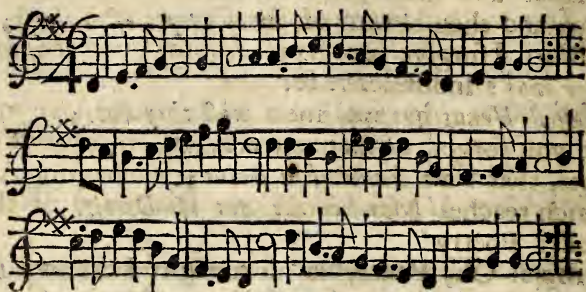
Apoi. Yes; *Venus*, whom I accosted just now hard by, desired me not to follow her, to avoid the base Talk ———

Mars. That you wou'd have entertain'd her with.

Mom. Silence: 'Tis call'd *The BULLY LYON*.

The BULLY LYON.

AIR XXIII. The Country Farmer.



A Lyon in Power was cruel and proud,
 Imagining Tyranny gain'd him Applause,
 His Actions (tho' shameful) he boldly avow'd,
 And held in Defiance established Laws :
 The four-footed Creatures did daily oppress;
 Who (wanting the Means to break loose from his
 Or find for their Sufferings any Redress) [Chain,
 Seem'd pleas'd with his Vices, which made him more
 II. [vain.

'Till having been roaming one Morning for Prey,
 And given his Appetite what wou'd suffice,
 Returning, he found in the Cave where he lay,
 A Writing, purporting this wholesome Advice;
 The Beasts do all hate thee, and not without Cause,
 Their Love is affected, they sooth thee thro' Fear;
 To prove this Assertion, But pare off thy Claws,
 Their Actions will shew, if their Hearts are sincere.

Apol. I like this Fable as well—

Mars. As if you had made it your self, Hah !

Apol. I give it my Approbation.

Mars. 'Sblews, I like the Fable well enough
 myself.

Mom.

Mom. [To Mars.] Shall I present you with a Copy of it?

Apol. The more you read it, the less 'twill please you; and then beware of the Claws.

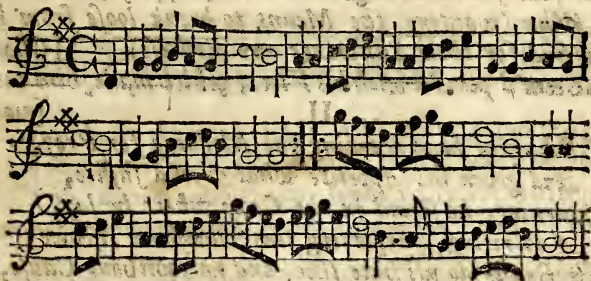
Mars. I forgive your Applications, upon account of *Venus's* Indifference for you.

Apol. *Venus* has too fine a Taste not to love me. Do you forget, without mentioning my other Talents, that I am the Master of that enchanting Art which teaches Men to talk the Language of the Gods? Poetry!

Mars. Oh, Poetry is no more current now among the Ladies, than it is among the Goldsmiths.

Apol. Can any thing be more moving than my Harp, or more insinuating than my Voice?

A I R XXIV.



*Soft Harmony dispences
Moments pleasing,
Joys increasing,
Captivates the Senses,
And soothes a Mind despairing.*

Mars. *Martial Musick fires us,
Strongly sounding,
(Spirits bounding
With its Force) inspires us
To Actions bravely Daring.*

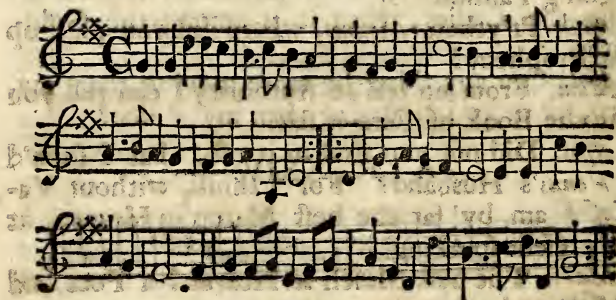
Mom.

38 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Mom. Now you talk of Voices, you put me in mind of a certain Nightingale that was the most perfect Musician in the World, except that he drank nothing but Water. He depended upon his Pipe to recommend him to a young Linnet that he admired. You shall hear the Fate of his Songs, and of his Passion. 'Tis call'd *The Enamour'd NIGHTINGALE.*

The Enamour'd NIGHTINGALE.

AIR XXV. In the merry Month of June.



*A Nightingale, whose Melody did charm the vocal Grove;
Enamour'd of a Linnet was; and sought to gain her Love;
A Sparrow proves his Rival, who (with a scornful Air)
Sweet Philomel perswaded strong, his Courtship to forbear.*

II.

*The Sparrow boasts his Merits, his bold Address, and Parts;
The other chaunts melodious Lays, that Bait for female Hearts;
Each claims superior Virtue : But yet at last agreed*

The Linnet shou'd decide the Cause, and which she lik'd suc-

III.

[ceed.

*Both Parties show'd their Eloquence, before the Judge below'd,
When (to the Nightingale's Surprise) the Sparrow she approv'd;*

*Assigning for her Reason, tho' Musick charm'd the Ear,
The Sparrow's Pow'r could every Hour a Female Heart endear.*

Mars.

Mars. [To *Apollo*.] Your humble Servant, sweet Mr. *Nightingale*.

Apol. [To *Momus*.] *Momus*, *Momus*, you ought to keep Friends with *Apollo*, since you have taken to writing of Fables.

Mom. We have much occasion for your Assistance indeed: Why, if it were not for the Rhymes, my Fables might pass for Prose: 'Tis a new kind of Poetry, of my own Invention; the Muses have nothing to do with it. [*Mars laughs.*] You laugh, but I promise you in future Ages it shall be the reigning Fashion.

Apol. Pr'ythee, *Momus*, where did you pick up that Prophecy?

Mom. From no less an Authority I can tell you than the Book of Fate it self.

Apol. Did not you find in it too, that I shou'd be *Venus's* Husband? For I think, without Vanity, I am by far the best Match in Heaven, at this present speaking.

Mars. The best Match in Heaven! a Poet and a Madman!

Mom. Terms synonymous; two Words for the same thing.



Apol. *My Verse is sublime,*
Mars. *'Tis doggrel Rhyme ;*
Mom. *How exact the Fools chime,*
Tho' their Meaning's wide :

Apol. *My Numbers delight;*
Mars. *They rather affright;*
Mom. *Now who's in the right*
I cannot decide.

Apol. *My smooth Lines Venus will gain;*
Mars. *My Power will win her, you strive in vain.*

[*Mars and Apollo, to each other.*]

*You never shall make the bright Fair your Bride,
No, no, no, no, &c.*

[*Momus*, half aside.]

You neither shall make the bright Fair your Bride.

Apai: Yet I have good Hopes, for all that. I spoke to *Venus* but just now; she graciously in-
treated

VULCAN'S *Wedding.* 41

treated me to leave her, promising me that when she came to a Determination about her Marriage, I shou'd ———

Mars. Make her *Epithalamium*. Fare you well; I leave you to study upon it: I don't doubt but you'll set about it with a great deal of Pleasure, for I read in a Book but t'other Day, that you were *the obliging Apollo*. However, I wou'd not have you look upon me as your Rival. *Venus* no longer charms me; Glory is my only Passion.

A I R XXVII.



*Beauty ensnaring,
Does captivate the Heart;
But War, interfering,
Despises its Dart.*

*Who'd be confin'd in the Limits of Love,
That around the wide World, blest with Freedom, may
When Beauty enslaves me, [rove?
Of Joy it bereaves me;
But Glory relieves me;
Its Pleasures I'll prove. [Exit.*

Apol. [*Aside.*] How *Mars* uses me! this is my Reward for having so often prais'd the Brute above his Deserts. And you, Mr. *Fabulist*, depend upon

42 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,

it I shall find a Way to be even with you: I shall take care to inform *Jupiter* what fine Poetry you spread about. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Momus alone.

'Faith! not one of the Gods has common Sense; they were never so ridiculous as they are now. *Jupiter* has pick'd out a fine time to deprive me of the Liberty of Rallery. He nick't it to a Minute. Had it not been for this Expedient of Fables, I shou'd ha' made a pretty Figure indeed on such a Day as this! — But Mum — Here comes *Venus*. A pretty Piece of Household-stuff.

SCENE V.

Enter Venus.

Ven. [To herself.] I saw *Juno* at a Distance in search of me, I believe; for she quitted her Husband. I'll conceal my self here, and muse a little upon my Fate.

Mom. [Aside.] *Venus* grave! can she be in Love? No, her Gravity has more the Air of Reflection than Passion.

Venus. [Still not seeing *Momus*.] This perplexing Oracle! *Destiny* commands me to chuse my own Husband, and allows me but one Hour to do it in.

Mom. [Aside.] She's a long while alone! I'm surpriz'd at it. Can a Coquette have Time to think?

Venus. [To her self still.] All the Gods sigh for me, and none of 'em touch my Heart — I listen to them all, from *Jupiter*, quite down to *Vulcan*: This amuses me agreeably. I shall lose this Pleasure if I marry — perhaps not. It depends upon the Choice I make. How this Choice confounds me! How it disturbs me! I don't know what

what Husband I shall have, and yet I hate him already.

AIR XXVIII. Let other Beauties.



*Marriage is hateful,
Confinement ungrateful;
A Husband's a Mirror,
Reflects Grief and Terror,
Pride and Jealousy:*

*Whilst we (unwedded) those Fears destroying,
Our Loves enjoying
With Liberty.*

Mom. [Accosting her.] Have you nam'd him?

Ven. Whom?

Mom. Your Husband.

Ven. Alas!

Mom. Did ever any Woman sigh at the Name of her Husband? 'Tis an Incongruity. Tell me freely, you'll chuse Mars?

Ven. Wou'd you have me take a Husband that has only the Winter to spend with his Wife?

AIR

44 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,*

AIR XXIX. On yonders high Mountain.



*A Husband lights a Fire
In an amorous Bride,
Which burns with fierce Desire,
And must be well supply'd,
Shou'd he leave her,
She'd endeavour
To enjoy Variety.
Actions pleasing
Are but teizing,
Without Satiety.*

Mom. The whole Year is not long enough indeed, according to a young Bride's Kalendar — But let us talk a little — Do you prefer *Apollo*? — He's a smart —

Ven. I'm sick at the Thoughts of him — Heav'ns!

Mom. The Name of the God of *Parnassus* can't frighten you sure!

Ven. Don't you see *Juno*, who has pursu'd me quite hither?

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Juno.

Mom. [*Aside.*] Here's like to be a fine Wrangle for me. *Juno* looks stedfastly upon *Venus*, and yet I durst lay a Wager *Juno's* Thoughts are upon her Husband.

Juno. Well, Goddess, have you chose your Husband?

Ven. Not yet.

Juno. [*Angrily.*] Not yet! not yet! Intolerable Coldness! but I guess the Cause, I guess the Cause.

Ven. Is not the Cause of my Coldness the Cause of your Heat?

Juno. [*More angrily.*] Do you laugh? You wou'd do better to ask my Thoughts of your Conduct.

Ven. Your Thoughts! I know them already.

Juno. [*Very angrily.*] Who inform'd you, pray?

Ven. The Tone of your Voice.

Juno. [*In a very great Passion.*] The Tone of my Voice!

Mom. [*Aside.*] How tender and charming it is!

Juno. The Tone of my Voice inform'd you then, that I wou'd advise you to marry some Sea-God, and go take up your Abode immediately beneath the Waves, with the Tritons and Porpoises.

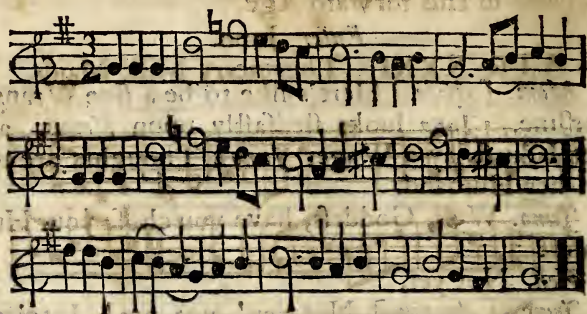
Mom. [*Aside.*] Fine Company she has pick'd out for *Venus*!

Juno. Give over, give over this Trade of Coquetry, which was never known in the World, before you was born.

AIR

46 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,*

AIR XXX. Sometimes against a Craggy Rock.



*How happy each revolving Year,
To Gods and Mortals did appear;
Till Female Folly took its Rise,
And Virtue soon transform'd to Vice;
But from that Period we may date
The World's Decline from Good and Great.*

For I wou'd have you to know, that 'till then all
our Goddeffes were Prudes.

Venus. O horrid!

Juno. The Mind alone reign'd in all our Con-
versation.

Mom. And pray, what might the Heart do?

Juno. It harken'd to the Instruction of the Mind.
We fed it in our Circles with good, long and
wholesome Dissertations upon Esteem — De-
licateffe — Respect — Decorum —

Ven. What Opiates! did not poor Heart dye of
a Lethargy?

Juno. We entertain'd it with those chaste Ro-
mances, where the warmest Passion never attain'd
its Object, 'till after having gone thro' a Tryal of
at least a Dozen large Volumes. You, Madam,
have abridg'd them sufficiently.

Mom.

Mom. For the Ease of the Reader.

Juno. But 'tis a Fashion too prevalent among Females in this forward Age.

AIR XXXI. The merry Milk-Maids.



Females form'd for Loving,

Hasty Joys approving,

Let the Swain

Their Hearts obtain,

Nor dread their future roving.

Soon the Lover takes his Cues,

Fierce attacks, and strait pursues;

Thus the blooming Fair subdues,

And wins the Prize — too soon they lose.

Juno. Do but ask *Momus* what is said of the fine Life you lead. Speak, *Momus*, speak.

Mom. [*Afide.*] How generous it is in her to offer to let me go Halves with her in her Scandal.

Juno. Tell her, *Momus*, tell her —

Mom. Once reign'd a Grey-hound Bitch —

[*He's beginning a Fable against Coquettes.*]

Juno. That's much to the Purpose, truly!

Mom.

48 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Mom. You must know, most august *Juno*, that I am turn'd Fabulist: I beg you wou'd hear a new Fable that I have just thought of. It is call'd the *Coquette Grey-hound Bitch*.

Juno. [*Aside.*] The *Coquette Grey-hound Bitch*! I fancy I guess his Drift. — [*Aloud.*] Well, tell us, *Momus*, tell us the Story of your Grey-hound Bitch.

Ven. [*Stroaking up her Hair, and admiring herself.*] Ay, tell it us, while I adjust my Hair.

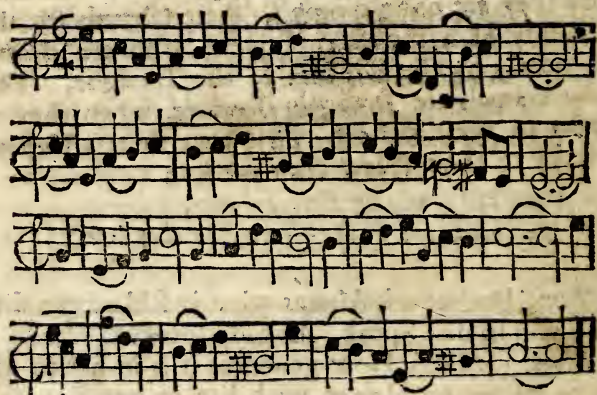
Mom. [*Aside.*] See the Attention of these Goddesses, when you talk to them of Morality.

Juno. Make haste then: I linger, I pine for it.

Mom. I begin. Pray, Ladies, do me the Honour to hold your Tongues, if possible.

The COQUETTE GREY-HOUND BITCH.

AIR XXXII. One Sunday at St. James's Prayers.



*A Grey-hound Bitch, by many woo'd
Among the Canine Breed,
Imagin'd she all Hearts subdu'd,
And thus their Fates decreed.*

These

*These are my Slaves, they court my Smiles,
And languish at my Feet;
To keep them mine, I'll practise Wiles,
And play the true Coquette.*

II.

*A Cur, who chanc'd to over-hear
Her wise projected Scheme,
Did bluntly to the Hound declare,
She strove against the Stream.
Believe (says he) not one's Address
Proceeds from Love at Heart,
Thy coming Fondness makes them press;
Be coy, and they'll desert.*

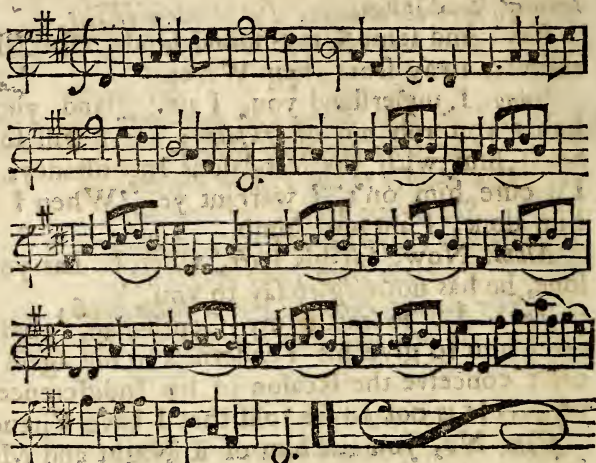
Juno. Have you done?

Mom. Yes, you are now at Liberty.

Juno. Oh, how much to the Life does this Fable paint those little forward Creatures, who imagine they are oblig'd only to their Charms for the Affiduity of a thousand Lovers, who are drawn on merely by the Easiness of the Intrigue. The silly Animals are strangely deceiv'd when they ascribe to their Beauty, what they shou'd impute wholly to their Advantages —

50 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

AIR XXXIII. The Highland Dance.



Ven. *A Prude does envy Beauties,
Because they excel;*

Juno. *Coquettes despise their Duties,
And always rebel.*

Ven. *A Prude's a Creature
Form'd by Nature,
To bespatter
Virgins Fame;*

Juno. *Coquettes are common,
Wanton Women,
True to no Man,
Prone to Shame.*

Ven. *Your Pride betrays you,*

Juno. *Folly sways you,*

Ven. *Age decays you,*

Juno. *Vicious Dame.*

Ven. *Rude*

Prude,

Thus to censure Virtue, void of Blame.

Juno. *Still fret,*

Coquette,

Thus I will declaim.

VULCAN'S *Wedding.*

51

Juno. [*Looking at Venus.*] We have some Grey-hound Goddeffes.

Ven. And some Grey-hound Gods, especially at running away from their Wives.

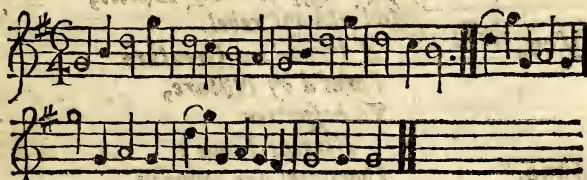
Juno. I understand you, I understand you. I know you rob me of *Jupiter*; but I will so up-braid him with his scandalous Inconstancy, that I'll cure him on't, I warrant ye. When I have him alone, I am not dumb.

Mom. Now, for his Part, when he has you alone, he has nothing to say to you.

Juno. I'll so rattle my Gentleman, that I'll force him to give his Tendernefs to me again: I can't conceive the Reason of his Indifference for me: He is not to be told that I have Virtue.

Ven. No, you tell him of it Night and Morning.

AIR XXXIV. Dance in *Sorcerer.*



Juno. *A virtuous Wife employs her Tongue,*
To make her Spouse her Merits hear:

Venus. *That Wife is surely in the Wrong,*
Whose Taunts a Husband cannot bear.

Juno. *Yet I will haunt him;*

Venus. *That will not daunt him;*
Beauty'll enchant him.

Juno. *Curst Despair.*

Mom. I have another new Fable to repeat to you.

52 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Juno. Repeat it, *Momus*, repeat it: I am passionately fond of your Verses.

Momus. This Fable is call'd the *Prudish Hen*.

Ven. Oh let me hear that, *Momus*. The *Prudish Hen*! Pray let me hear that.

Juno. Ay, do; but be short: for I foresee I shan't like it.

Mom. [*Aside.*] Because you foresee the Application.

Ven. Begin, begin: I can hear you without Interruption.

Mom. No, you don't love any Interruption in your Pleasures, I know. You understand them too well—[*Winks at Venus, and points at Juno.*] Here's my *Prudish Hen*.

The PRUDISH HEN.

AIR XXXV. Shall I be sick for Love?



A Cock of a Humour gay,
 Who married a Prudish Hen,
 For every Word he did say,
 Was answer'd with ten times Ten.
 His Conduct examined close
 (For fear of his going astray)
 By his virtuous inquisitive Spouse,
 Made his Hours pass heavy away.

II.

*The warmest Affection grown cold,
Does seldom, or never revive;
Brisk Chanticleer, plagu'd with a Scold,
To lengthen his Chain did contrive;
And among the young Pullets did range,
There, Bliss without Pain did enjoy;
Thus pleas'd with the happy Exchange,
He laugh'd at the Nuptial Decoy.*

Ven. Ah poor Cock!

Mom. Alas! how many Husbands wou'd be kill'd with Spleen in their own Families, if it were not for these kind Comforters.

Ven. For my Part, I can't bear the Sight of a Prude. Farewell.

[Looking at Juno; is going; but Momus stops her.]

Mom. But ———

Ven. But I have only a few Moments left to consider of this Choice, that I am to make, and I can't lose them.

Mom. Lovely *Venus*, you look out of humour with me.

Ven. No; the Greyhound forgives you. *[Goes off.]*

Mom. Poor Slut! ——— *[to Juno]* Well, Madam, and what do you say to my last Fable?

Juno. I say 'tis very far from being comparable to the Greyhound Bitch; if you make any more of that turn of thought, I shan't advise you to Print them.

Mom. I not only intend to Print them, but to Dedicate them to you.

Juno. Mercy on me!

[Runs away.]

Mom. See how we poor Dedicators are receiv'd now a' days, such of us, at least, as do not flatter our Patrons, and praise 'em for Virtues they are Strangers to. — But I have more Truths to divulge. — Happy that Deity who first comes in my Way. *[Exit.]*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

MOMUS *alone.*

MY Fables work so strongly, not one God will suffer me to come near him. They fly me, as I were contagious. — How now, what pretty Puppet is this? 'Tis *Ægle*, the youngest Nymph of *Hebe's* Train, that *Zephyrus* pursu'd so close before *Venus* came amongst us — What a pretty Subject she wou'd make for a Fable! —

Enter Ægle.

Good morrow, my pretty Nymph. What vexation is this that I see in your Eyes?

Ægle. You know I have not seen *Zephyrus* of late.

Mom. [*aside.*] Pretty Sincerity! — [to her.] Oh! *Zephyrus's* Love is far from being Sedentary. He's an inconstant little Rogue, always airy and fluttering about: A Lady may amuse, but can never fix him.

Ægle. My Reason ought to have told me what you say now.

Mom. Humph! the Reason of a Girl of your Age is no Medlar: Reason seldom has any thing to lay against the Passions, till they are silent; and in a Girl of ten Years old 'tis very rare for the Passions to be mute. Look you, charming *Ægle*, Reason is like those little snarling Lapdogs that run yelping after a great Dog. If the great Dog goes on quietly about his Business, the little Whelp barks on; if the great Dog turns, away runs little Dog.

Ægle. What an ugly little Cur is this same Reason!

AIR

AIR XXXVI. Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains.



*Maids Reason, I find,
Is inconstant as Wind,
And lets loose those Passions, it shou'd keep confin'd;
It permits us to hear
The false Youth's fond Address,
Till we're caught in Cupid's Snare;
Then insults our Heart's Distress.*

Mom. But tell me frankly; your Lover you say is false?

Ægle. Alas! he is continually fluttering about *Venus*.

Mom. If *Zephyrus* were not flitting, he wou'd not be *Zephyrus*. He is the God of Butterflies and Fops.

Ægle. Oh the little Traytor! how I hate him!

Mom. I cou'd be content to take up with that same Hatred of yours.

Ægle. You have no Notion of delicate Sentiments.

Mom. You are too young, Child, to judge of them.

Ægle. No; I can't imagine what cou'd make *Zephyrus* leave me.

56 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Mom. What did you do to retain him?

Ægle. I lov'd him with a perfect Sincerity.

Mom. A perfect Sincerity! there's a quality indeed for a pretty Lady.

Ægle. I prefer'd *Zephyrus* to all his Rivals, and in the face of the World.

Mom. Another wrong Step! you shou'd never prefer your Lover, but in private.

Ægle. As soon as ever he told me he lov'd me, I answer'd directly with a Sigh that I lov'd him too.

Mom. You are too direct in your Answers.

Ægle. I never shew'd him the least Disdain; nay, nor the least Anger. I conceal'd none of all my Tenderness for him; I was continually hunting for him.

Mom. [*laughing.*] You were continually hunting for him, and do you wonder he is continually flying from you!

Ægle. Is there any other Secret to fix a Lover, but giving him ones Heart without reserve?

Mom. Ones Heart without reserve! a pretty Secret you have got indeed! will you hear, Miss Sincerity, a little Tale made on purpose for such young Nymphs as give away their Hearts without reserve.

Ægle. Will your Story teach me to recover *Zephyrus*?

Mom. It will teach you more; 'twill teach you how to preserve three dozen of Hearts at a time for ten Years together, without costing you a single Sigh. Harken; *The Sugar-Plumb.* You love Sweet-meats, I dare say. *The Sugar-Plumb.* hem—hem—I find, Miss, the very Title has gain'd me your Attention already. Pray mind.

The SUGAR-PLUMB.

AIR XXXVII. Cockamycari She.



At Athens, in the Market place,

A learned Sage

Mounted a Stage ;

And to improve the Youths in Grace,

Yet send them pleasant home,

An Angling Rod he did extend,

A Horse-bair Line fix'd to its end,

On whose small bottom did depend

A curious Sugar-Plumb.

II.

That Bait attracts the greedy Crowd,

One and all

Wait its fall ;

Some, to see the Prize bestow'd,

In hopes to gain it, some :

Suspended long the Sweetmeat flies,

At last a brisk Youth caught the Prize,

Old Sage adieu, the Victor cries,

You have lost your Sugar-Plumb.

58 *MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,*

III.

Yet stay, and hear me tell a Tale,

I shall show

A Propos,

Says the Sage, 'twill sure prevail,

It is the Female's Doom :

This Prize resembles Virgin Hearts,

Which Man his utmost Power exerts

To gain — then soon the Fair deserts,

Cloy'd with the Sugar-Plumb.

Hem. Do you understand me, my lovely Nymph?

Ægle. I suppose you mean, that it is wrong to let ones Lover know ones real Thoughts of him; and that the true way to draw him on is to seem to fly from him.

Mom. What a penetrating Guess the Child has!

Ægle. I promise I'll improve by your Fable.

Mom. You are the first that has even promis'd me so much.

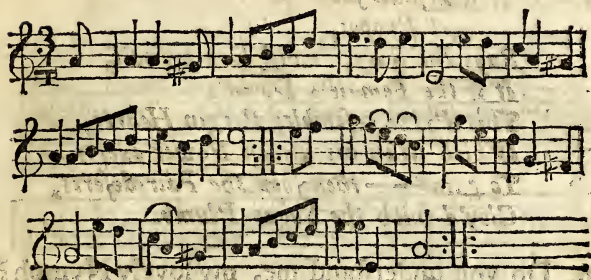
Ægle. If I live, I'll mend my Conduct.

Mom. See what 'tis to be young; she fancies she can mend:

Ægle. No, it shall never be as it has been. I'll take care to give my Lovers no Sugar-Plumbs,

AIR

AIR XXXVIII. Shepherd *Adonis.*



*When Love reigns supreme
O'er the Heart of a Maid,
She does Wisdom disclaim;
And by Folly is sway'd.
Each endearing Word
In an amorous Tale,
Told by her Ador'd,
Is sure to prevail.*

II.
*'Till Love's downy Pillow
Is grafted with Thorns,
And a Garland of Willow
Her Forehead adorns.
Forfaken, she's burning,
With Rage, Pain and Grief;
But Reason returning
Brings certain Relief.*

Mom. Good that!

Ægle. They shall have nothing of me but
Wormwood.

Mom. Better and better.

Ægle. Adieu, *Momus*: I'll go see what *Zephyrus* is doing.

Mom. There's a turn again! the Child's finely
amended truly.

Ægle.

60 MOMUS turn'd *Fabulist*; or,

Agle. Never fear. I'll fly from *Zephyrus* all the while I pursue him, and I'll see him without looking at him.

AIR XXXIX. Whilst the Town's brimfull of Folly.



Thus I'll Charm my cruel Charmer,

And alarm my Soul's Alarmer.

Fly, if follow'd; fled, pursue;

Since

*Since by flying, and pursuing,
We succeed in modern Wooing,
My Subduer, I'll subdue.*——

Mom. Now you have your Lesson right.

Egle. You may trust me, I warrant you : I
shan't forget your Sugar-Plumb-Philosopher. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mercury.

Mom. [*aside.*] Where is *Mercury* going? Has
Venus chosen him for a Husband, I wonder? He
looks mightily pleas'd.

Merc. Oh have I found your Worship, Mr. Fa-
bulist? *Jupiter* has had an account of your fine
Writings, Sir.

Mom. [*frighten'd*] How!

Merc. And here he comes to thank you for
'em.

Mom. [*aside.*] This is a damn'd scurvy Message.

SCENE III.

Enter Jupiter.

Merc. Most worthy Master of the Gods, here's
Momus come to repeat some of his new Poetry to
you.

Jup. [*angrily.*] I'll talk with the Gentleman
presently.

Mom. May be, Sir, you have some private Bu-
siness with Mr. *Mercury*. I'll withdraw, an' please
you, and come again two or three Hours hence.—

Jup. Stay here, or——

Mom. Nay, I'll wait upon your Honour as
long as you please.

Jup. [*to Mercury.*] *Mercury*, the destin'd Hour
prescrib'd to *Venus* is just come; summon all the
Gods to give their attendance here. [*Exit Merc.*]

Mom.

62 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,

Mom. [*aside.*] I fancy *Jupiter* has forgot me.
I'll e'en sneak off.

SCENE IV.

Jupiter, Momus.

Jup. So, ho! You grow impatient then it seems, most agreeable *Momus*.

Mom. [*fawning*] I grow impatient in the Company of mighty *Jove*!

Jup. Civil, humble Creature! No wonder you have been so obedient! I am inform'd, Sir, that ever since I forbid you spreading about your Calumnies, you have been doing nothing in the World else.

Mom. Horrible Scandal! pray inquire of all the Gods and Goddesses that have seen me, how I've behav'd my self.

Jup. Why, they are your Accusers.

Mom. O Ingratitude! I have not made one single Reflection either upon their Persons or Conduct. I only repeated a few Fables to them, which they were so complaisant as to explain to one another.

Jup. You repeated Fables to them? they told me nothing of that.

Mom. 'Tis the way of People who report things, to tell only those Circumstances that blacken, and omit those that justify.

Jup. [*Shaking his Head.*] I doubt, I doubt you have been dabling in Defamation.

Mom. In none but what was wrapt up! Blame them that open'd it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. All the heavenly Court wou'd ha' been here by this time, but for an accident that has be-faln the August *Juno*: She has just flung her self upon her Bed: *Momus's* Fables have given her the Vapours to that degree she can't speak.

Jup. [*aside.*] These Vapours happen very luckily. *Juno* wou'd have made a cursed Rout here.

Mom. [*aside.*] I fancy *Juno's* Vapours will plead my Pardon with *Jupiter*.

Jup. [*aloud to Mercury.*] Are you sure *Juno* has the Vapours so much, that she can't speak?

Merc. [*pointing to Momus.*] Yes: She is oblig'd for that to Mr. *Fabulist* there.

Mom. [*to Jupiter.*] You see the Usefulness of Fables.

Jup. No more Words: I forgive you for the sake of the Invention.

Mom. [*aside.*] And Madam *Juno's* Vapours.

Merc. *Venus* advances, attended by the Gods.

SCENE VI.

Enter Venus, Neptune, Mars, Apollo, Plutus, and Vulcan.

Jup. Gods, we are all of us bound to obey the Oracle which *Destiny* has this Day pronounc'd. He commands, upon severe Penalties if his Decree is disobey'd, that *Venus* immediately chuse her self a Husband, and a Habitation. She is free either to return to the Dominions of *Neptune*, or to continue to adorn *Olympus* with her Beauty.

Ven.

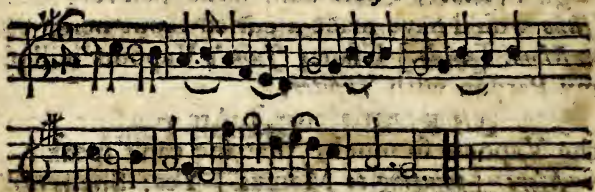
64 MOMUS turn'd Fabulist; or,

Ven. [giving Jupiter a gracious Look.] *Destiny* does me too much Honour in trusting me with such a Choice: but it is no easy matter to determine among so many Gods of distinguish'd Merit.

Mom. [aside.] A pleasant Figure a Coquette makes that's oblig'd to chuse in publick!

Ven. [Viewing and giving her self Airs to all the Gods around.] Let us then obey the Decree of Fate.

AIR XL. Country Bumkin.



Nept. Sea-born Venus, fix your Choice :
I am he

That rule the Sea,
Make your Guardian's Heart rejoice,
And say you'll marry none but me.

Plut. Goddess, look with Love this way,
I've Riches store,
What wou'd you more ?

All Mortals fervently obey
My Dictates, and revere my Pow'r.

Apol. Beauty's Queen, Apollo try,
I'll repeat

My Verses sweet,
And chant harmonious Melody :
With you, my Bliss wou'd be compleat.

Merc. Fairest Goddess, form'd for Joy,
Accept of me,
Swift Mercury ;

Don't my blooming Hopes destroy,
Make me the happy Deity.

Nept.

Nept. [to Venus:] Remember I'm your Guardian.

Mom. [aside.] He reminds her of that very thing he ought to wish she wou'd forget.

Plut. [to Venus.] Think how rich I am, and remember you receiv'd all the Jewels I sent you.

Apol. [to her.] You receiv'd my Epistles too, in Turkey-bound Heroics.

Mom. [aside.] This second Receipt will never weigh down the first.

Merc. [whispering Venus.] Don't forget your humble Servant.

A I R XLI. Cymball Tune.



Venus:

Love's sweet Carosses
The Fair possesses,
Surrounded by Suitors, yet free from their Sway;
But Pleasures leave her,
And Hopes deceive her,
Soon after Contracting to serve and obey.
The humble Lovers
Are Tyrant Rovers,
And make it their study our Sex to betray.
Too soon we relent,
Too soon we consent,
Too soon we surrender,
Too late we repent.

F

Ven.

66 MOMUS *turn'd Fabulist*; or,

Ven. [*looking at Mars.*] *Mars* is mighty easy: Is his Passion for me at an end? If I thought him inconstant I wou'd marry him to plague him.

Mars. [*eagerly.*] No, no, I'm not inconstant.

Mom. [*looking maliciously at Jupiter.*] There are some Pretenders here that don't say a Word of their Pretensions, tho' they remember them well enough: but Judgment with-holds their Memory and their Imagination — will you hear me repeat a mighty natural Fable upon that subject?

Jup. Be silent; no more of your presumptuous Fables: Come, lovely *Venus*, hesitate no longer: make choice of your Husband and Abode.

Ven. Be it so — [*aside.*] If I chuse an agreeable Husband, his Rivals will lose all Hope, and I shall lose their Service. This Consideration has determin'd me — [*aloud.*] I resolve to give the Preference to him of all my Lovers that has shewn himself the most discreet.

Vulc. That's I, that's I: I am the most discreet, for I never bragg'd of *Jupiter's* Interest —

Jup. [*aside.*] Oh Numpskull — [*aloud.*] Let the Goddess proceed.

Ven. Yes, *Vulcan* is he I chuse for my Husband, and I intreat *Jupiter* to permit me to remain in Heaven.

Mom. He'll have much ado to bring himself to grant your Request.

Jup. [*to Momus.*] Mr. *Fabulist*, don't let you and I fall out. — [*to Venus.*] Charming *Venus*, I approve both your Determinations.

Apol. We can't say the Mother of Love has taken Council with her Son, in the choice of her Husband.

Nept. Signor *Vulcan*, you will be the Founder of a very numerous Society.

Merc. Mercury will very often pay you a Visit.

Mars.

Mars. As for me; I intend to make his House my Winter Quarters.

Vulc. [to Mars and Mercury.] You shall be very welcome, Gentlemen. Remember, Signor *Jupiter*, you promis'd to be at all the Charges of my Wedding.

Mom. [to Vulcan.] Go, go; depend upon't he'll see that nothing is wanting; I'll answer for him, he'll be so sure to take all the trouble off your Hands, that he'll leave nothing for you to do.

Jup. Let all Olympus rejoice in *Venus's* Election.

Mom. Indeed 'tis enough to make any body Merry.

Mars. Oons, *Momus*, since *Apollo* has taken no care in the matter, let you and I e'en hammer out an Epithalamium for honest *Vulcan*.

Mom. With all my Heart.

Mom. He for a Wife has *Venus* got.

Mars. O how delicious is our Lot!

Mom. *Vulcan* espouses Beauty's Queen!

Mars. And has the honour to be her Screen.

Mom. He weds her now in Heaven's high Hall.

Mars. For the Convenience of us all.

Mom. Let us chant forth *Vulcan's* Glory:

Thro' the World extend his Story.

Mars. 'Till Time's no more, shall *Vulcan* stand
The Husband's Model throughout every
Land.

Mom. Gods and Goddeses, that we may be all quits, let each of us compose a Fable by way of Ballad. *Mars*, do you begin; we Gods can do every thing, and off-hand too, that's our Perfection.

AIR XLII. Parson upon Dorothy.



The L A P - D O G.

Mars. *A Lady's ancient Lap-Dog, in his decline of Life,
Espons'd a youthful Greyhound, who prov'd a for-
ward Wife,
And brought him store of Puppies; which had not
been amiss,
But that no Face among the Crew at all resembled
his.
From this Example, Husbands learn, when old and
feeble grown,
Young Wives Industry may produce you Children, not
your own.*

Cho. *Young Wives, &c.*

The R A V E N.

Apol. *A Raven boarse and ugly espous'd and lov'd a Rook,
And for her sweet Society all Female Birds forsook;
But to divert the tedious Hours, he roam'd abroad
for Prey,
Procur'd a Hawk to visit her, and pass the time
away.*

*The Hawk so well employ'd his time to gain her a-
morous Heart,
That soon the Raven shar'd but share of his dear
Counterpart.*

Cho. *That soon the Raven, &c.*

The

The C A T.

Merc. *A Cat, whose Keeper lov'd her well, and gave her
store of Meat,
Could not from Felony abstain, tho' much worse Food
to Eat;
A Mate too was provided her, of Youth and comely
Form;
But yet her Fancy prompted her, more homely Beasts
to Charm.
Who seeks a Moral to this Tale, shall have their
Wants supply'd;
When Female Wishes do prevail, they will be gra-
tify'd.*

Cho. *When Female, &c.*

The S T A G.

Ven. *A stately Stag, (the Forest's Pride) espous'd a
Milk-white Doe,
Who for a while did virtuous prove; and had been
always so,
But that her Husband slighted her, and other Deer
enjoy'd,
And then to pay him in his Coin, she could not well
avoid.
The Moral of this Fable will the Nuptial Faults
display;
Wives seldom swerve from Virtue, till Husbands
shew the Way.*

Cho. *Wives, &c.*

Jup. *As I promis'd, Signor Vulcan, to be at
the Expence of your Wedding, I will fulfill my
Word; and, in order thereto, have prepar'd an
Entertainment suitable to the Occasion. There-
fore desire the Company to sit.*

[*Vulcan pays his Compliments to the Gods, who
seat themselves.*]

*Here an Entertainment of DANCING in Honour
of VULCAN'S WEDDING.*

The WREN.

Mom. *A Wren (the smallest of its kind) presum'd to en-
 tertain
 An Aviary of finest Birds, and did not strive in
 vain;
 For (tho' unequal to the Task) he shew'd such will
 to please,
 The feather'd Auditors approv'd ----- and made his
 Power increase;
 The Wren's our Author, y'are the Birds that must
 decide his Cause;
 Be sparing in your Censures ----- But lavish in
 Applause.*
 Cho. *Be sparing, &c.*

F I N I S.

THE W. H. H.

...to the ... of ...
... of ... and did not ... in
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W. H. H.



See 14

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